

## RACE TRACK GAMBLING.

The Saratoga racing season now about to close has furnished its annual quota of spectacular winners. Not to mention others, there is the perennial "Pittsburgh Phil," credited with a "strike" of \$60,000 in one day. A fortune won within a few minutes by the heels of a thoroughbred! It is a lure that draws on to the betting booths a great crowd of lesser plunders ranging down to the piker with his two-dollar bill, and helps the bookmakers to recoup their losses.

Never before, not even last season, has the Saratoga betting ring been so congested as this year. It is said that as much as \$300,000 has been taken in by the bookmakers in a day. Why is it that in hearing of "Pittsburgh Phil's" \$60,000 we hear nothing of that \$300,000, most of it lost by the better? Why is it that as an offset to the published accounts of large winnings we learn nothing of the losses? How many pawned jewels are represented in that enormous income of the bookmakers, how many mortgages on household goods? How many times have cashbook figures been altered to make up for it? The police court news of the winter may enlighten us as to the last particular and we shall see then the reverse side of the present picture of the supper at Canfield's with bird and bottle and the sparkle of diamonds on a dainty throat.

Does the race track gambler realize how largely the percentage is in favor of the "house," and how few are his chances in the lottery?

There in the "big ring" are eighty bookmakers paying the Metropolitan Turf Association \$75 a day for their privileges, and paying out for clerks, sheet writers, runners and for incidental expenses \$50 more. Eighty times \$125-\$10,000, the daily expenses of the regular bookmaker, or \$200,000 for the season of twenty days!

The "dead line" has sixty bookmakers with daily expenses of \$60, equalling \$72,000 for the season. In the "field" are 100 at \$40 a day, with aggregate expenses of \$80,000 for the meeting.

That is, the enormous sum of \$352,000 must be taken in by the bookmakers before they can clear expenses. The public must be mulcted in this amount before a Cowan, a Sol Lichtenstein or an Eddie Burke can begin his profits, which at the season's end may reach half a million. The task is not so difficult when it is remembered that George Rose, Tod Sloan's discoverer, once took in \$75,000 in a day.

## THE PENALTY OF HATING.

A rich New York lady of high social standing quarrelled with her son and as a crowning expression of hatred opened a "spite" laundry next door to his residence at Southampton, L. I. All day long the steam of the suds rose in the air to offend the nostrils of the visitors to the handsome estate, and the enmity of mother and son increased. Then the mother fell ill and the laundry was closed.

Now the fashionable lady is prostrated with nervous exhaustion. "Can you afford to hate?" asks the wily diplomat of the Countess in "Diplomacy." Hatred is an expensive luxury. It takes hold on the system like a disease. It weakens and unnerves and in its wake may come paralysis or apoplexy.

The passions are all dangerous when indulged, the emotions so only in less degree. Worry kills; the saying is true. In its less acute manifestations it may be found to be the cause of that bad cold, the source of which seems remote. A fit of temper may upset the digestion for a day. Jealousy may cause physical collapse.

In a nearby New Jersey suburb two neighbors, who became estranged last year over a trifling difference, have continued their quarrel until one has made this gratifying discovery that the wall of the other's house encroaches two inches on his land. What a find that was for the quarrelling discoverer! Down that wall must come or the law of the State will be appealed to. The injured neighbor will have his rights.

It is not a pretty quarrel as it stands. It is a disagreeable commentary on the pettiness of the human mind. A man does not have to be a Pharisee to feel glad that he is not that omniscient suburban resident demanding his inches of land. What a state of mind must be his who has sought out every means of nursing his feud and annoying his neighbor!

He may congratulate himself that he has escaped the nervous collapse of the lady with the laundry.

## THE OPERA SEASON.

The preliminary programme of the fifteen weeks of opera is ready, showing a full and interesting repertoire with a large orchestra and a better ballet. It will be mainly a season of old favorites: Escamillo will again enter the ring to soul-inspiring strains that are never old, and Lohengrin steer down the stream once more behind the swan. The crop of Mascagni's and Leoncavallo's has been short. But a season that brings "Parsifal" will need no other novelty.

"Parsifal" seats will cost \$10. We hear no more of opera at popular prices. A good price for a good thing is the Corried idea, as it was Graus'. There will be gala performances at \$7 and the regular orchestra stall charge will remain \$5.

This is undeniably dear; \$10, the cost of two seats, represents two evenings at the theatre with a small surplus for carriage hire one way. But is not the opera the better investment? To have heard Calve in "Carmen" or Sembrich in "The Barber of Seville" or to have attended any one of the Wagner dramas, to have sat within the glittering circumference of the charmed "horseshoe," this is to have stored up memories which no amount of theatre-going could replace.

New York pays more than any other capital for its opera, but the concurrent testimony is that it gets in return a better quality of musical entertainment and a more interesting "show."

**Claude Duval of '08.**—The Evening World serial for next week is Purgus Hume's "Claude Duval of '08," a romance of involved adventure recalling in literary workmanship the author's celebrated "Mystery of a Hansom Cab." Its leading character is a highwayman with a record of many daring robberies on the moors, and there is a love story the interest of which is heightened by the circumstances of mystery out of which the denouement is developed. The story is reprinted by permission of the G. W. Dillingham Company, publishers. The first installment will appear in Monday's paper and the last in Saturday's.

# THE EVENING WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE

TOLD ABOUT  
NEW YORKERS.

IT STOPS AND HERE YOU TALK ABOUT THE CITY THAT IS A Mosaic of people and personalities who are all of different professions, a composite of the city's work. They are the people who make up the city's life, the people who are the backbone of the city's industry, the people who are the backbone of the city's culture, the people who are the backbone of the city's life.

Charles F. Murphy's measure, taken by the Atlantic Journal correspondent, is this: "He has a high head, and in the back right and governing power are strongly marked. If you should drop a plume line from the back of his head it would fall several inches clear, for his spinal column is straight as a board, and his chin is tucked back like West Pointers are taught to hold them. He is regular, feasted and clean shaven, his eyes are as blue as the Mediterranean at Naples and his gaze is direct and frank. His voice is rather deep and has a good deal of human sympathy in it. And he has that rare faculty of making you feel that he has known you always."

A good story is told of President Roosevelt's last visit to Rockwell, the photographer. In his youth the President had lived very near the Rockwell studio, and while sitting for his picture he asked Mr. Rockwell if he remembered him.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "I remember very distinctly every time you and your band of confederates broke my skylight by throwing stones at it. 'Good,' laughed the President. 'I remember it, too. I was a pretty good shot, wasn't I?'"

## LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

### Two Queries.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am anxious to have my name changed, also to become a citizen of this country. How should I proceed in accomplishing both?

A. R. Apply at U. S. District Court for citizenship papers. Apply to Supreme Court to change your name.

### Suggests "Minnehaha."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Having just read a request for a suitable name for a canoe, I venture to submit the following name, "Minnehaha." To me this name is ever suggestive, especially in its English version, "Laughing Water." For who does not admire a sunny temper and a sweet laugh, which reminds one of water. Then, too, Minnehaha's name has become so well-known in some way not allow the name of his sweetheart a little prominence by giving it on the very article of which she was so fond, namely, a canoe?

Port Jervis, N. Y. ETHEL C.

### Underground.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How do peanuts grow?

C. M. S. S. R.

### Such a Triangle Cannot Be Made.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

C. W. says that he can make a triangle whose sides are one inch, two inches and three inches. N. R. says that it is impossible to make a triangle whose sides are one inch, two inches and three inches. Which is right?

C. W. and N. R.

## THE STENOGRAPHER AND THE MILLIONAIRE.



Miss Kate Tobey, who while stenographer at the Hotel Metropole, this city, took letters from dictation from William H. Gross, a millionaire of Lee, Mass., won his heart and was married to him yesterday at his home.

Come all ye sweet stenographers, perk up and look your best. For Cupid's laying for you with a million in his vest. He'll come around dictating stuff and tender nothings prating. But when you've got him good and tight then you do the dictating.

## THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF BY STANLEY WEYMAN LOVE--ADVENTURE--REVENGE

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Anne, Croisette and Marie de Caylus, mainly youths, despite girlish names, go to Paris to warn Louis de Pavannes that the Wolf, has promised to bring Louis's heart to Mlle. Catherine de Caylus, cousin of the youths and affianced of Pavannes. In Paris they are taken by a ruse to M. de Bezares's house and made prisoners. They escape over the roofs to an adjoining house and save Mlle. de Pavannes, wife of a cousin of the youths. Louis de Pavannes, who is searching for death at the hands of his sister, Mme. de Bezares, is presently captured and the De Caylus youths with him and taken by Bezares to Cahors, where, in the night, the youths hear workmen erecting a scaffold in the yard.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A Strange Thing.

I was too weary with riding to go entirely without sleep. And, moreover, it is anxiety and the tremor of excitement which make the pillow sleepless, not heaven be thanked. When he saw us, indeed, as if he were thinking of something or some one far away—his face on the sunny hills of Quercy, where he had ridden with her perhaps; a look which seemed to say that the things here were nothing to him, and the parting was yonder, where she was. But his bearing was calm and collected, his step firm and fearless. When he saw us, indeed, as if he were thinking of something or some one far away—his face on the sunny hills of Quercy, where he had ridden with her perhaps; a look which seemed to say that the things here were nothing to him, and the parting was yonder, where she was. But his bearing was calm and collected, his step firm and fearless. 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